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Enright, Richard E.

Tribute by Police Comm.
Richard E. Enright

[New York]

[1918]

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Tribute by Police commissioner Richard E. Enright, at unveiling of monument dedicated to Reverend Francis J. Sullivan, late chaplain of the Police department, at Calvary cemetery, June 23rd, 1918. [New York? 1918]
[4] p. port. 23 cm.

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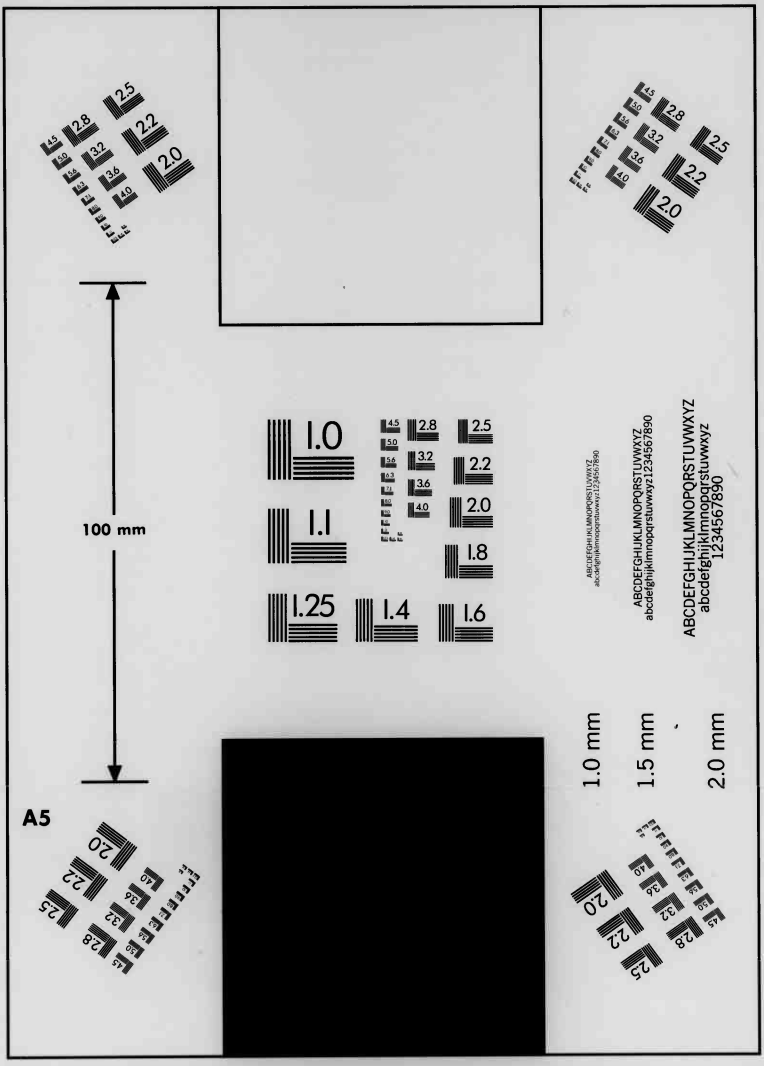

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Tribute by

Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright

at Unveiling of

Monument Dedicated to

Reverend Francis J. Sullivan

Late Chaplain of the Police Department

at

Calvary Cemetery

June 23rd, 1918

Tribute by

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Tribute by Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright at Unveiling of Monument Dedicated to Reverend Francis J. Sullivan Late Chaplain of the Police Department at Calvary Cemetery, June 23, 1918

Mr. Chairman, Right Reverend Sir, Reverend Clergy, Fellow Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Father Francis J. Sullivan, a priest of the Ancient Faith, a splendid man, a faithful shepherd, a distinguished citizen of New York, in the zenith of his physical and spiritual powers, reached the journey's end; and we are met here, in the city of his birth, on God's good acre, above his silent dust, to pay tribute to his work, his worth and a life well spent.

Intelligence, integrity, courage and unflinching faith were the pillars that held aloft the character of this rare man. He was loyal to the Republic; he kept the Commandments; he loved God above all things and his neighbor as himself.

He was a masterful man and a soul of honor; he earned and held a proud command; he lifted but never leaned; and he walked life's highways in solitude and kept the company of his self respect.

He was a perfect priest. He thoroughly understood the foundations, the anatomy and the divine spirit of his faith. He knew the great streams, the tides and currents of its authority. Forcefully, rapturously and gladly he gave testimony of his God, and by the magic of his words and the charm of his fascinating personality, he stormed and swayed the souls of men.

The laws that thundered down from Sinai were graven upon his soul; his glorious spirit caught the sublime music of the Sermons on the Mount; and proudly and gladly he took up his cross and followed the Savior along the Via Dolorosa of the World.

He was good to look upon. He wore the classic mould of the antique World. His resemblance to Lord Byron, in features, was remarkable and, indeed, he had the soul of the poet, but the similarity ended there. He had the proud bearing of an intellectual Greek or a conquering Roman. He sprang from a sturdy race. His people were poor only in dross of this world. He stormed his way to victory over every obstacle. His winged spirit lifted him invincibly along the ways of life. Like an armed warrior, like a trained athlete, he faced the trials of this life as long as the blood of his splendid manhood coursed full billowed through his veins.

Nature filled his quiver with splendid arrows. He was a lord of logic, a ringmaster of laughter. His wit and humor were quick and sharp as lighting sweeping the heavens with sudden light. He was a supreme artist who painted pictures with words. He matched the colors of his thoughts; he measured the velocity of verbs; his adjectives danced before him with the abandon of a boy, as upon the screen of his mind, he painted the wild and beautiful imagery of his Celtic soul.

His early life was a great human struggle, the life of the average poor and very poor American boy. Before his birth and through all his youthful

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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days, his devoted mother prayed to his patron saint that he should be spared and live to serve the Lord. Daily she whispered in his awe-struck ear her mighty hope, and pointed him along the lonesome road, and when he reached the far-off goal of his and her ambition—and oh! it seemed afar-off to them—and when his day of glory, his day of ordination, came, he was tired and almost faint, for the struggle was all that mortal man could bear.

But he early won his spurs and by the power and energy of his efforts, he stepped forward in the sun. He quickly attracted the attention of the leaders of the church, and they marked him for the princely seats of power.

One day he joined the Force and wove and spun his charming spirit through the warp and woof of every policeman's life. He won their hearts and today his memory sits enthroned within the bosom of these ten thousand men who love him like a very brother and adored him as a friend.

It was a proud and happy day for all of us when he came into his own and became the pastor of a flock. We told him he had made a fine lieutenant and deserved his promotion to captaincy, and we marshalled our forces and went to his church and knelt before him to receive the grace and benediction of his smile.

His work in the Police Department was a perpetual work of mercy. Quietly and effectively, he tempered the winds to the shorn lambs; tenderly he wrapped his cloak about them and shielded them from the storms of life; and "Were everyone for whom he did some loving kindness to bring one blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers."

But, alas! the night came down and as he lived, he died. Proudly he entered the shadows of that darkness or dawn that we call death. He lives beyond the twilight purpled hills in the vast region of silence and with all the multitudes of earth, but he has left behind him a wealth of good deeds done—the glorious, swelling heartbeats of a sympathetic, humane man.

He left us in his golden prime, as manhood's morning brightened into noon. His ship of life was sweeping gracefully along the rippling sea, the eager winds were kissing every sail, the Port of the Shadow seemed far away, when, suddenly and without warning, the submerged rock drew near and like a flash the billows roared above a sunken ship. His hour had come, his soul stood ready, the gates swung open, he heard the voice of God, his soul was borne along the shining pathways of the stars, and he felt upon his brow the breath of the eternal morning.

Sleep on, dear friend, while grateful memory guards your tomb. Sleep here, in the bosom of the world's mightiest city, the city of your birth and god-like ministry, within sight of its flashing lights, within sound of its manifold voices. May this splendid monument, baptized with the dew from eyes still wet, stand long and tell the stranger where you sleep, but know that in the hearts of men who knew you best, your grave is ever green, your memory secure, and your name indelibly enshrined.

You have lived and died, and death is less terrible than it was before, for you have told us that we shall meet the Master face to face. Sadly, reverently, we say farewell.

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